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A Tale of the 10th Century.

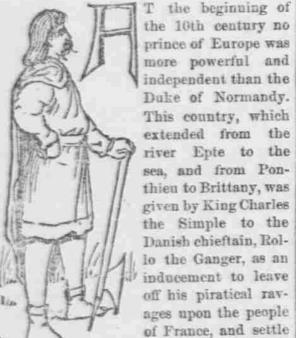
Forest.

Ill-Spoken Words to a Stranger

and Guest.

BY FRANCES WILSON ("FANNIE WILLIAMS"), Author of "Harry Redfearn, the Young Machinist": "Anthony Blake, A Boy of the Period";
"Dick Leslie's Life in Texas," "The Boys of
Brythewaite School," "Rob and Bob," "Prince "The Land Beyond the Golden Cave,' "Laizbel, the Child of the Storm," etc.

> COPVERSIT, 1888.1 INTRODUCTION.



inducement to leave off his piratical ravages upon the people of France, and settle peacefully among them, with his horde of followers. Rollo accepted the gift, was baptized a Christian, married the King's daughter, and set to work to make his newly-acquired province the most peaceful and well-governed portion of the French King's domain. His Danish pirates became industrious tillers of the soil, remaining at the same time devoted to their leader and obedient to his will; but Rollo did not neglect to practice them occasionally in the arts of warfare, that he might continue to maintain his

After this exploit he settled down to comparative peace, having only a battle now and then, to keep his Breton vassals in sub-

acknowledge himself the vassal of Nor-

Rollo the Ganger, or "Walker"-so called, as we are told, because no horse could carry him, such was his gigantic stature, and he therefore had to travel on foot-was celebrated as the hero of many a wild and curious legend, and was looked upon in his day as almost more than mortal. Even in his gray old age, he stalks through the pages of history almost as terrible and stalwart a figure as when he first landed with his conquering Northmen upon the shores of France. But he died at last, sword in hand, with all his chief warriors gathered around him, swearing them with his last breath to be loyal to William, his son.

William-known as "Longsword "-with all his father's courage and firmness, was a much more gentle ruler. He became the idol of his people, and even the rebellions Bretons learned in time to love him, and to yield him willingly the homage which, at first, like Rollo, he had to exact by force.

NORMANDY'S PROSPERITY UNDER ROLLO'S

Under his rule Normandy increased in prosperity and power; Rouen, his capital, became the finest city in France; he was presented with the strong castle of Evreux as a reward for his important services to the King; and from time to time new rights and privileges were conferred upon him.

During his reign, King Harold of Denmark, being at war with his rabel son, was driven from his country, and fled to Normandy. Longsword received him with the greatest honor, raised an army of Normans. and sent them back with him, to replace him on his throne. They were successful, and the Danish King swore to remember this great service, and to return it if he ever had

a chance to befriend the Duke of Normandy. Louis d'Outre-Mer was new King of France. He began to be jealous of the increasing power and popularity of the Norman Duke, but he did not dare to show an | &C. open hostility to a leader who was equally renowned for valor in war and for wisdom in peace. In fact, Louis was not much of a King except in name; his character was not such as to make him either respected or feared, and instead of ruling he was ruled hunting expedition; but how he happened by the more ambitious among his so-called | to be on foot and alone was not so plain. A wassals, notably the Count of Blois and the youth of his rank should have been accomtherefore kept a treacherous peace with his more of huntsmen, all mounted and armed powerful subject, which William repaid by for his protection as well as for the hunt; and false dealing at one time caused a rup- about the absence of his usual attendants. ture between them. The Duke, however, was finally reconciled to his deceitful sovereign.

ment of his domain, over which he presided in peace for a time, until he was called upon gave warning to his ear that danger was at have made a meal of me, instead of which I hesitation: to take arms in defense of another's rights. hand.

Arnulf, Count of Flanders,-whose evil and William Longsword hastened to his aid. knew his danger well.

restored Montreuil to Count Herluin, under- antagonist was the wild boar in its rage; curiosity, he added: him to hold it in security.

TREACHERY OF THE FLEMINGS.

FLEMISH TREACHERY. liam should meet him on an island in the wrath. Attacked by a Wild Boar in the panied by only 12 Normans, and he by an depend upon his quickness and dexterity in Ford, some little distance back, and it came paired to the place of meeting with Bothon | first stroke; it was a feat which he had away by myself when no one saw me. But most trusted friends, and 10 others of his very difficult. But then he had been mount- thought they would soon overtake me." Norman followers. He went out to the Island with but a single oarsman, his companions following in a separate boat, while Arnulf and his friends put forth at the same time from the Flemish side of the river.

They met and agreed upon a settlement of the matter; and, parting amicably, William returned to his boat. After the Normans had embarked Arnulf called to the Duke and desired him to come back for a moment, saying there was a point which they had forgotten to arrange. William went back, and no sooner had he set his foot upon the ground than all the Flemings rushed upon him with drawn daggers and stabbed him to the heart. Having finished their murderous work they leaped into their boats, and escaped to the Femish shore before the

horror-stricken Normans could pursue them. Thus perished William Longsword, who has borne in Norman chronicles the reputation of an almost saintly here. His virtues have perhaps been somewhat magnified, but it is certain that his tragic fate was deeply Danish chieftain, Rel- mourned, and his memory was held in veneration by his people. He left an only son to wear his ducal coronet, and keep up, as best he could, the power of Normandy.

As best he could-for he was but a boy, and Louis, the King, was secretly his foe. Only 10 years of age when he was crowned at Rouen as Duke of Normandy, yet his name shines forth illustrious among the noblest names that brighten the dark record of bloodshed and cruelty which forms in so large a part the history of that era.

This is the hero of our story-the Boy

CHAPTER I.

RICHARD OF NORMANDY. Late in the afternoon of an Autumn day,

more than 900 years ago, a fair-haired youth was wandering alone in a forest near power. Just to "keep his hand in," he made war upon his neighbor, the Duke of Brittany, At that time the woods of Normandy were an independent prince, and forced him to

not so free from danger that even a strong man might feel safe to traverse their solitary pathways without keeping on his guard; and the boy-he was a little more than 14 years of age-looked about him, as he walked, with a vigilant though by no means

He was a fine-looking lad, tall and stout of limb; his movements and the shape of his figure showing a good deal of welltrained muscular power. His countenance, though amiable and pleasing to the last degree, had yet, young as he was, the selfreliant expression of one who was accustomed to the exercise of his own judgment; while his bearing had a touch of dignity which was very far removed from anything like arrogance or swagger, and to which was added the freedom and perfect ease of one whose "foot was on his native heath." In other words, he evidently felt himself at home in the Forest of Guer.

The boy was richly dressed in the fashion of that time; the scarlet color of his tunic and the heron's feather which was fastened to his velvet cap with an ornament of beaten gold showed that he did not belong to the common class of people, for these were

adornments only worn by the nobility. It was apparent, by the boar-spear which



great Count of Paris, Hugh the White. He panied on such an occasion by a score or honest loyalty, though the King's injustice | but he seemed to be not at all concerned

His air of security, however, was dispelled He now devoted himself to the improve- in a startling manner; for suddenly a savage grant and a crashing in the underbrush

deeds were so many that he was commonly and rushed upon him with a headlong fury called "Arnulf the Wicked,"-attempted to which gave him scarcely time to assume a take possession of the castle of Montreuil, defensive attitude, much less to think of which belonged to Herluin, Count of Pon- making any move to get away. With its thien, a small province lying between Flan- fierce, little, gleaming eyes, its tough hide. ders and Normandy. Herluin, too weak to and long, sharp, yellow tusks, it was a forprotect himself alone, sent a messenger to midable creature to behold; and the boy, seek help from his most powerful neighbor, who had taken part in many a boar-hunt, boar. We are bound to the Castle of Cento-

With his Norman troops he drove the Fiem- He had seen deadly wounds dealt by those Not observing that the boy looked at him gravely:

ings back to their own ground, and having terrible tusks, and he knew what a furious suddenly, with a glance of surprise and

ish Count consented, stipulating that Wil- mained a spark of life in the object of its alone and on foot in the forest." river Somme, where they would hold a He knew that he had only one chance to the boy replied; adding, in explanation:

peaceful conference; the Duke to be accom- save himself, and that one chance would "My huntsmen made a halt at the Stag's equal number of his own followers. The handling his spear. If he took his aim into my head to play a trick on my Squireunsuspecting William assented to these con- aright, he might lanch the weapon with for he is never willing to let me get out of his ditions, and at the appointed time he re- force enough to finish the boar at the sight. So I slipped off my horse and stole of Bayenx and Ivo of Belesme, two of his once accomplished, and thought it nothing I did not expect to go very far alone; I



ed, and surrounded by his servants and companions in the hunt; on foot, and with no one at hand to help him if he failed, it but his features were extremely handsome, seemed another matter.

It was but a single instant while these thoughts were passing through his mind. In that instant, he poised his spear, at the same time blowing a shrill blast upon the hunter's horn of silver which he carried at due time. his side; if his followers were near enough to hear it, they would hasten to his aid.

The boar did not wait for this to happen, but plunging forward as the boy hurled his weapon with a vigorous hand, it struck him in the side with full force; but, unfortunately, the lad had taken his aim a little too high; and though the sharp steel sunk deep, it did not kill or even disable his ugly

The boar stopped short, and uttering a frightful sound of rage and pain, whirled around with a leap so sudden and so powerful as to break off the shaft of the spear, leaving the steel head buried in the wound; and the maddened animal turned again upon the boy, who had now no other weapon than a short knife or dagger, such as was commonly worn by a noble youth until he was old enough to bear a sword. It must have proved a poor defense, though the boy snatched it from his belt and made ready to

use it, with intrepid resolution. SAVED BY A FLEMISH BURGHER. But, at this critical moment, his ear caught the welcome sound of voices and the tramp of horses' feet; and down the forest path

came a band of riders, who hastened their approach as they beheld the boy in such imminent peril. A short-handled ax, thrown by a powerful hand, came whizzing through the air, is to the Duke of Normandy, who is now and laid open the boar's head with a terrific

gash, and half a dozen men rode up and speedily dispatched him. The boy seemed at the first glance to be more surprised by the sudden appearance of these men than he had been at the onset of the boar. They were not clad in the Norman fashion, and their features bore the

had reason to regard them with amazement, for he saw that they were Flemings. They were evidently bent on a peaceful errand, for they carried no arms except their belt-knives and the wood-chopper's ax which one of them had hurled at the boar. None of the party appeared to be of noble rank. but their leader was a man mature in years and dignified in aspect, wearing the costume of a wealthy Flemish burgher. Even at that time the chief cities of Flanders were distinguished above the rest of Europe by their attention to the arts and industries, which at a later period of the middle ages raised them to so vast a point of riches and importance. Their citizens were generally known by some peculiarity of dress, and

came from Arras. doubt, by this opportune arrival, and said in by doing you any favor that lies within the tones of kind solicitude:

this one wore a cap turned up with fur, the

shape of which betokened plainly that he

"You are not hurt, I hope, young master? We came up in good time, I see,"

He spoke in the Norman-French, but with | boy. a stranger's accent, and the youth rejoined: "I am quite uninjured, for which I have reason to remember you, friend, so long as I | some as that of his young Esquire, Osmond live. You speak with a Flemish tongue, but of Centoville, wore as he spoke a mild ex-I trust I am too true a Norman to prove un- pression, well suited to the gentleness of grateful on that account. I shall hold you | youth, and by no means out of keeping with as friends, wherever you come from-you | the stately title by which he called himself. and all your men. You may well say you The burgher seemed to study his boyish came in good time; if you had been some but noble features with a gaze of wistful few minutes later I fear the boar would anxiety, and he faltered, after a moment of will now have him for my supper, and you A huge wild boar broke from the covert shall help to eat him, unless you have better Richard, is so great, and I fear it will seem entertainment awaiting you."

The burgher shook his head with a dubious expression:

"I cannot tell what may await us when | myself, though it touched none so nearly, we reach our destination; but we have business in hand which admits of no delay, and sent the petition. Perhaps, if I am allowed I fear we must not tarry to help you eat the | some little time to prepare-" ville," he said.

took to make terms which would enable how stubbornly the beast gave battle to one "You do us great honor, however, in ac- time nor place to speak of it. We will conopponent or to any number-for this ani- cording us the offer of your hospitality, for duct you to the castle, and you can make mal seems to have no instinct of fear-never | it is plain enough that you belong to a noble For this purpose he proposed a meeting | yielding while it had a spark of life, and | house, young sir. Indeed, I am not a little | son. We are making merry at Centoville, with Arnulf the Wicked, to which the Flem- never ceasing its attack so long as there re- surprised to see a youth of your appearance

"I am the only one to blame for that,"

The burgher observed, in a serious tone: "It was a foolish jest, young master. You should have been more prudent, for you know the perils of the forest; and you came near paying a dear price for your amuse-

COUNT OSMOND.

"True; it will teach me to be more caulowing, and, springing from his horse, he feast."

came quickly to the boy's side, exclaiming: "My Lord, my Lord, how could you leave us in such a careless way! What a monster of a boar!"

He looked at the slaughtered beast and then at the boy with a paie face, and faltered: "Oh, my Lord, if he had killed you! I horn. Thank Heaven and all the Saints as I judge." you are not injured!"

and he was dressed in a similar style, except that he carried a sword by his side. He also had light, curling hair and merry blue eyes; and his figure tall and manly; while his bearing had that air of gallantry and dashing bravery which characterized a noble youth, who, though he had not yet won his spurs, was certain to become a belted knight in

In answer to his impetuous address the boy said, smiling:

"I am not even scratched, though I expected, when I blew my horn to call you, that you would find me torn to pieces. Spare me any further reproof, however, Osmond; you are right enough in calling me careless, but I have been rebuked already by this good friend, who came up with his men to my assistance just in time."

He made a courteous motion toward the burgher-looking stranger, and Osmond said to him in tones of earnest feeling:

"I thank you, sir, for aiding my Lord in his peril; and these worthy men, too-I thank them all. I would that I could render you some service in return." "Probably you can, Osmond," said the

younger boy, speaking in a low tone, "for they are likely to be guests of yours, it fair." seems. They are going to Centoville." "To Centoville!" echoed Osmond with a

loud accent; and looking at the burgher in surprise, he said : "May I ask what errand takes you there.

"It strikes me that you are somewhat too

forward, young man," rejoined the burgher, displeased at what seemed to him an unwarranted freedom, though the question was a natural one, as will be seen. "My errand sojourning at the castle, as I am told; but I cannot see how that concerns you."

"Nay, then, if it does not concern me, it may chance to interest me in some small degree," said Osmond, rather haughtily, "since I am the Duke's Esquire-and the heir of Centoville!"

"He took off his cap and bowed to the stamp of a different race; the Norman youth boy, as he added:

"THIS IS MY LORD THE DUKE, RICHARD OF NORMANDY!" With a look of much dismay, the burgher

hurriedly dismounted and uncovered his head, exclaiming in startled accents: "I pray you pardon me, Duke Richard-

and you, Sieur de Centoville! I should have known to whom I spoke before I made

"Nay, Osmond should have told his name before he asked his question," the Boy Duke answered, with a pleasant smile.

But the burgher murmured, still in trou-"I fear, Duke Richard, I have not shown

you the respect that is your due Richard responded gaily:

"You have done better, good friend; you rescued me from yonder beast, which, but for you, would have torn and trampled on He bent a little from his saddle, to look at | me with as little respect as if I were a swinethe boy whose life had been saved, without herd. I shall be glad to prove my gratitude power of the Duke of Normandy," he added, with a grace and dignity of manner which well became his rank, though he was but a

He had a very sweet and winning voice, and his face, though not so strictly hand-

"The boon I come to ask of you, Duke to you so unmerited, that I can hardly find courage to make it known at this moment. It is a matter that concerns many more than and I must take heed in what terms I pre-

The young Duke interrupted him with a courteous but decided gesture, saying

"Surely, good friend, if you have a matter of importance to be considered, this is no known your business at a more fitting seaand you will find the hall full of company."

"And good company, I promise you," said Osmond, gaily. "If you enjoy a rousing Scouting and Fighting Adventures of chorus or a merry tale, Master Burgher, you will not regret the hour that brought you a guest to Centoville."

The burgher answered sadly:

"I come not as a guest, but as a humble suppliant, noble Osmond; but I thank you for your kindness, and I trust I shall not so conduct myself as to cast any cloud on your Indians Scalping and Mutilatfestivity. I conclude you have some special occasion for rejoicing."

"Yes," returned the heir of Centoville; "my father came home this morning after THE being away for some time at Rouen. We are going to have a banquet in honor of his

THE BOAR TO BE ROASTED WHOLE. "And this fellow shall be roasted whole tious in future," admitted the boy. He to grace the center of the board," said the smiled, as he added: "Osmond will have the | young Duke, touching the boar's carcass with laugh on me, after all-and here he comes!" his foot. "And you, my worthy friend, will As he spoke, a young man rode up in great | help us to dispose of him, after all, though haste with a large party of horsemen fol- you have declined my invitation to the THE REBELS DEFEATED-END OF THE BAT-

"It would have been accepted as a command if I had known from whom it came," replied the burgher, gravely.

"I should have thought," said Osmond, "that you would have guessed it was the Duke. My Lord is not a common-looking youth, and you must have been aware that he was young. The Duke of Normandy must be a well-known knew you were in danger when I heard your personage in Arras, if you come from that city,

The burgher, taking this for a hint that he The new comer was but a few years older | had not yet made known his name, responded: than the boy whom he addressed as his Lord, "I am a burgher of Arras, where, I may say without boasting, I am held in some repute; And it is true that I knew the Duke of Normandy was young; but I was not prepared to find him alone in the forest, fighting a boar." "That is a reproach to me," said Osmoud,

> Perhaps you did not mean it so, Master Herman," said the Squire; "but it touched me, all the same. My father will hold me to a strict account, I fear, when he learns that my Lord was in peril, and I was not by his side.

> "Nay, my good Osmond, that was none of your fault," said the Boy Duke. "It was not fair for me to leave you as I did, but I never thought of that; I forgot that you would be held accountable for losing sight of me. I am very sorry; but Sir Rolfe shall not blame you. If he hears of this adventure, I will tell him that all the fault was mine. Osmond smiled, but somewhat gravely, as he

> Lord. I have not forgotten how angry it made the Count when he saw you alone in the streets of Ronen, once, and took me to task for not being with you, and I tried to excuse myself by saying that you had gone without my knowledge. He told me that my Lord was not expected to ask my leave whenever he wished to move; it was for me to follow him, and if I could not keep him out of danger, to go and share it with him."

> "Why, nothing happened to me that time. I could not get into danger, if I tried, in Rouen," said Richard, laughing. "Nevertheless, the Count was in a great rage

about it," answered Osmond. "I think he would cut off my head if he heard of this af-"Oh. the Count's bark is worse than his bite. cannot see what makes you all so much afraid of him. But I will not play any more such

tricks on you, Osmond-you may be sure of that," said Richard, in serious tones. "I have got a lesson this time, you see." 'Ah, pray Heaven you may never get anything worse!" exclaimed the young Squire, devoutly. "Do you know what my father would say to me, Richard, if I should go home alone and tell him you were slain-no matter how?" "I hope that will not happen very soon,"

said Richard, lightly. "But what would your THE DUKE DEAD AND YOU LIVE? "He would say: 'What! The Duke is dead, and you alive to tell the tale? Begone! You are no son of Centoville ! ' '

"Such a father would be stern indeed," remarked the Flemish burgher. "He would be right," said Osmond, simply. 'I should be faithless to my trust and no true Norman Squire if I did not die before I suffered any harm to touch my Lord. It is my place to be always near him, for I cannot tell what moment he may need my service or my sword; but I fear I must have made myself disagreeable to him in some way, he seems so anxious to escape my company."

"You shall never have occasion to say that again, dear Osmond!" exclaimed the Boy Duke, putting his hand affectionately on the shoulder of his Esquire. "If you do not part company with me till I am tired of you, I fear that you will never wear the spurs.'

He alluded to the custom of chivalry which made it the duty of a Knight to confer the accolade upon his noble "Squire" when he had proved himself entitled to this honor after a due term of faithful service. The accolade of Knighthood, which could only be given by a knightly hand, was usually conferred as the arms or some service of uncommon danger: and as none but Knights were allowed to wear gilded spurs, the toil and peril which the Squire must take upon himself in order to become a Knight was termed "winning his spurs." During his period of probation he was at once the servant and the friend of his Lord; and as he could not, of course, continue in this position after he had attained to the dignity of Knighthood, they were then obliged to part

This was what Richard meant by his remark. It was for him to say when Osmond should wear the "golden spurs," though he could not confer the accolade with his own hand. He was thoroughly trained in all the essentials of a chivalrous education, but he could not expect to be a Knight until he was old enough to merit that honor by his own achievements.

Richard himself, on arriving at Osmond's age, would probably have been appointed Esquire to Sir Hugh, the Count of Paris, or some other great Knight, had he been a younger son; possibly even as it was, if his father's death had not placed him so early in his life at the head of Normandy. He who had the burden of a Dukedom laid upon his youthful shoulders could not be expected to serve the usual apprenticeship before he gained the knightly

It will be seen that our hero's situation was a curious and not in all respects a pleasant one, even if we do not take into consideration the serious dangers and difficulties which beset his way to manhood, as we shall see in the course of this narrative.

In theory, he was regarded as already a man and a ruling Lord, for he had been declared of age at 14, when his vassals had paid him their mage in person with the customary forms; but in reality he was a boy with a boy's heart and a boy's feelings, though the grave responsibilities of his position had taught him something beyond the ordinary judgment of a boy, and nature had given him something more than a boy's usual bodily strength. He enjoyed the sports and pastimes of youth like any other

(Continued on 2d page.)

THE

Two Boys

MISSOURI AND ARKANSAS IN 1861, '62.

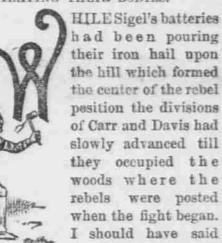
ing Our Soldiers.

HORRORS OF WAR

BY THOMAS W. KNOX, Author of "The Boy Travelers," "The Young Nimrods," "The Voyage of the Vivian," "Fulton and Steam Navigation," "Decisive Battles Since Waterloo," "Marco Polo for Boys and Girls,"

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CHAPTER XXXII. TLE-INDIANS SCALPING OUR SOLDIERS AND MUTILATING THEIR BODIES.



the center of the rebel position the divisions of Carr and Davis had slowly advanced till they occupied the woods where the rebels were posted when the fight began. I should have said

or three times, partly to allow them to cool and partly to carry them forward to a closer range. The melting away of the rebel lines was the last act of the battle. The order to retire was given, and before noon the fight-

"Gen. Sigel's command went in pursuit while the rest of the army remained on the field. The chase was kept up for 12 miles and then given up, as the rebels had a fair



coffee GATHERING UP REBEL GUNS. danger, while we had to be constantly on

and some ammunition, and his men picked up about a thousand stand of arms which the fleeing rebels had thrown away. They were of very little use, as they were mostly shotguns and squirrel-rifles. The best among them were picked out by the officers, to send home as trophies of the campaign and in

memory of the battle we had won. "As soon as it was certain that the rebels had gone and the field was ours we set about looking after the wounded. Gen. Vandever went to the hill where the rebel batteries had been posted in the morning, and took me along with him. Such a sight as I saw there I hope never to see again.

"The ground was covered with dead and wounded men, the most of them dead, as they were struck down by shot and shell or by grape and canister. Some were killed by the falling limbs of trees, and one man was crushed by the weight of a limb five of six inches in diameter that had fallen directly direct reward of some marked achievement in upon his shoulders and pressed him to the ground. One tree had been pierced through from side to side by a solid shot; its top was



WATER FOR THE WOUNDED.

shivered by a shell, and its trunk was pierced by a dozen or more canister-balls, Here lay the fragments of a battery-wagon that had been blown up, and not far off were five artillery wheels. Three mules lay dead | rebels, and I did so. On the way I passed by the side of the broken wagons, and one of the spot where a Captain of a rebel battery them was so torn by the explosion that little | was killed near the close of the battle, his more than the general shape of the animal head having been carried away by one of

boy; yet he often had to sacrifice these pleasures | dead men and three wounded ones, one of the | a prominent politician well known in the latter just gasping his last. A little further State of Missouri. Young Clark was edu-

on there were 15 wounded rebels, all begging and imploring for water. I gave them all my canteen contained, and so did the rest of the party, and the General sent me off for more. As I turned my horse to ride away he jumped aside to avoid stepping on a prostrate man whose arm had been torn off by a cannon-shot, and as he jumped he almost trod on another whose leg had been shattered. Close by a tree was a dead man whose head had been blown off by a shell,



A HORRIBLE FATE.

breast was pierced by a grapeshot. A letter had fallen from his pocket, and I sprang to the ground and picked it up, intending to

"The letter was addressed to Pleasant J. Williams, Churchill's regiment, Fayetteville. Ark.; it was from a girl in Kentucky, to hom Williams was evidently engaged, if I may judge by the tenor of the document. I shall keep it in the hope of some day being able to return it to the writer. She was an ardent rebel, but evidently a very sweet and loving young woman, though, unfortunately,

she does not inclose her photograph. "I went for the water as fast as I could, and wondered how I was to bring it, as I had but a single canteen. On the way I passed through the camp, and when I told a Captain of the 3d Ill. Cav. the object of my mission, he detailed four men to go with me, and told them to gather up a dozen canteens to carry water to the wounded men. Tired as the men and their horses were, the soldiers went eagerly on their errand of mercy, and it almost made me cry to see how tenderly they cared for the poor fellows who were so lately their enemies. Curious thing, this business of making war! Soldiers try their very best to kill each other, but when the fighting is over they do all they can to help the very men they shot down only a

little while before. "Before I got back to the hill where the wounded men were lying a rebel Surgeon had arrived with a flag of truce, and was doing all he could for the sufferers. But several were so badly hurt that they couldn't be saved, and one of them died within two minutes after swallowing a draft of water I

"A horrible thing happened here close to this hill. The bursting of shells, or some burning wads, had set fire to the dry leaves that covered the ground, and the woods were burning in every direction. We tried to remove the wounded before the fire reached them, and thought we had got them all the lookout for ambuscades. Gen. Sigel away; afterward some were found in secludcaptured a good many wagons with supplies | ed spots, and though still alive, they had



IDENTIFYING THE DEAD. been terribly burned and blackened by the fire among the leaves and fallen brushwood. One poor fellow had crawled close to a dry log that was set on fire by the burning leaves, and was so badly burned that he died soon after being found. The doctors said his wounds were so severe that it is doubtful if he could have lived even if the fire had not reached him.

"We had repeatedly heard that the rebels were very badly supplied with shoes, and there was proof of the truth of this statement in the way they stripped the shoes from the feet of dead and mortally-wounded men, no matter to which side they belonged. Not one corpse in 20 of all that I saw on the battletield had shoes on its feet. In some cases pantaloons and coats were removed, but such instances were not numerons, the great need of the rebels seeming to be in the line of shoes. Of course, the clothing of our soldiers would hardly be desired by the rebels, as it would be dangerous for them to wear, and they have no ready means of changing its color.

"The General told me to look for him at Elkhorn Tavern as soon as I had carried out the order about taking water to the wounded our cannot-shot. They said his name was "In a space 30 feet square I counted seven | Churchill Clark, and that he was the son of